

A Dog and Their God

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A Dog and Their God

by Anonymous

Summary

Makima gives Denji a reward.

Notes

yeah this is just porn cause im bored lol
i did not proofread this :D
have fun reading

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

click

The door opened softly, lightly creaking as an intruder gently pushed it aside.

Denji quickly opened and closed his eyes to clock in the intruder in his peripheral but pretend to sleep.

It was *Makima*.

That can't be right. He had to be dreaming. Why would Makima come for him at this time of night? Haha, yeah, no. Definitely just a hallucination. There's no reason for Makima to—

"Denji. I know you're awake. I need you to come with me for a while. I hope you don't mind."

The sound of her husky voice reaching his ears cut off all thought. He couldn't bring himself to open his eyes and look at who was speaking.

Then suddenly, he felt gentle fingers lightly touch his waist, a ghostly feeling but a familiar feeling. He knew this feeling. He seared it into memory, just as Makima said. This was definitely real, he realized. Slowly, Denji opened his eyes.

And they met with Makima's hypnotizing gaze, gently staring down on him.

"Good evening Denji... Would you mind coming with me for a while?"

He quickly shook his head. How could he possibly mind?

"Good boy," she whispered, her face now wrapped in a mesmerizing grin.

"Now, I'll need you to nap for a little while."

As she said this, he could already feel his eyelids start to droop, as if he was exhausted. He fought to keep them open, but to no avail. He was forcibly dragged back into the grasp of sleep as he hazily felt Makima's touch on his body intensify.

"Denji. Wake up."

Denji's eyes snapped open. Once again, Makima's eyes met with his, catching him like a predator captured prey. From what he could see in the corner of his vision, Makima had moved him

somewhere.

"Good boy..." she murmured, that smile creeping onto her face again.

"I know you've been working hard... and I'd like to reward you, just for a little while."

Reward? Denji's attention was completely sold to Makima at that moment. What reward? He was so eager to find out that it nearly pained him.

Her hands caressed his body, light touches dragging fire behind them. Her hands moved to his shirt collar, lightly tugging at it, then began to unpin each button gingerly. *What*. He thought he was done dreaming. *Makima*. Was *unbuttoning his shirt*.

His breathing grew rough from anticipation as Makima stared down at him with that unreadable smile and removed button after button. His chest was bare now, and Makima placed a palm on it. She leaned down, and pressed a kiss on his chest.

Oh no no no no no no this couldn't be real. There's no way this is real. *Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy? Caught in a landslide ...*

She looked up at him and their eyes met again. She grinned, an uncharacteristic sight. However, it was a sight that dragged Denji further under her spell. His heart was bleeding for her.

"Now, Denji... What would you like me to do?"

Such a request knocked the air out of his lungs. What did *he* want? He wanted so many damn things. He could sit for an hour and just tell her all the things he wanted her to do and it wouldn't be enough to cover all his visions. He opened his mouth and tried to force words to come out nonetheless.

"Could ya, uh, please..."

He couldn't get all the words out. The pressure he put on himself was suffocating. To request something of Makima was like speaking out of turn. It was like blaspheming to a king... or to a

god. He forced his eyes shut and tried to steel himself.

"Denji... Open your eyes."

He couldn't tell if that was a command or a suggestion, but it *felt* like a command. His eyes snapped back open and met with Makima's once again.

"Well, if you're unable to choose, that's alright. I can guess for you."

The grin appeared on her face again as she said this. It made him shiver in anticipation. Makima climbed onto the bed he was on and over Denji's body, straddling him. Her legs barely grazed Denji's, making his face heat up from the contact. Makima leaned down, her face close to his. He almost couldn't breathe. The anticipation was killing him. He could feel her soft breaths ghost upon his face, smell her distinct scent.

"Is this what you want?" she whispered. Her voice sounding so close to him was making him lose his mind. "Or is it—"

Denji blasphemed to a god. He spoke out of turn, committed heresy. He never knew heresy, or rather Makima's lips, could feel so good. Makima looked slightly surprised by the sudden kiss he sprung on her. That surprise quickly went away, however, and before Denji could pull away and regret his actions, Makima wrapped her arms around his neck and returned the kiss.

Maybe Denji died and was in heaven? Nothing for the past few minutes could have actually happened. And yet here he was, in reality, in the mortal plane, being kissed by Makima.

The kiss stole the air from his lungs. Makima kissed him like a whirlwind, dragging Denji in his fervor wherever she went.

And then she suddenly broke off.

Leaving Denji panting like a dog, she placed her hands back on his chest and smiled at him.

"Is this what you wanted?"

He nodded eagerly. What he would give to experience that again.

"Is that *all* you wanted?"

His eyes widened. No, of course not. He wanted more. He'd always want more. He shook his head vigorously.

Makima chuckled.

"Then, Denji, *tell me what you want.* "

It was a command. Her voice did not get harder there, but it felt like it did. He *had* to speak now. He sighed.

"M-Miss Makima, can I... I mean... can I please..." His voice shook.

"Can I please... touch your breasts...?"

Asking that of her was such a struggle.

She smiled.

"Of course, Denji. All you had to do was ask."

She quickly unbuttoned her shirt and tossed it aside. Without wasting time, she unbuckled the bra she wore and threw it behind her as well. It was a black, laced bra. Elegant, yet simple, fitting Makima's appearance like a glove.

No matter how much he prayed and worshipped, the sight Denji beheld was one he felt he'd never truly deserve. Makima leaning over him with her breasts on full display, a somewhat coy smile on her face.

"Now it's your turn, Denji."

His hands slowly reached out, unprepared to perform the task he believed they were created for. One hand gingerly grasped a breast, lightly feeling its softness. The other placed a thumb on her nipple, touching it gently and curiously.

"Be as rough as you want, Denji. It's your time."

Be as rough as he wants? He supposed it was obvious he was holding back, but it was difficult to not hold back. His grip tightened, and he opted to massage her breasts. His thumb fingered her nipple, exploring what it felt like to do so.

"M-Miss, do ya mind if I—"

Before he could finish, Makima shook her head.

"As I said, Denji, it's your time."

And with that cue he captured her lips once again, starving for another kiss. He hungrily licked at her lips and Makima reciprocated, bringing her tongue into the mix as Denji held her chest. She broke the kiss for a moment to shift positions. She lay down on top of him, then kissed him again.

Makima laying down on Denji brought attention to a certain situation occurring in Denji's crotch. An erection brushed against Makima's body, begging for stimulation. Denji *groaned* into their kiss, tightening his grip on Makima's breasts. Makima made a light humming sound in response. She rolled her hips, rubbing against Denji's erection. He hissed like a hungry snake. Makima was becoming too much for him. He didn't know how much longer he'd last.

"Miss M-Makima—" He cut off with a whine as Makima bit his lower lip. "Miss— Makima— could you..."

Her gaze never left his eyes, and Denji found it hard to speak, not to mention the kiss that continued as he tried to talk. He wanted something else, but was it okay to ask?

"Can ya— Could you— do something— for me?"

Makima tilted her head, but did not verbally respond. It looked like she wanted him to speak, no matter what.

Denji took a deep breath, one that was promptly taken by the kiss.

"C-Could you..." He couldn't continue. He just couldn't. It was like asking a god to sin for him. But his cock ached and begged to be stimulated, and he wanted Makima to be the one to do it.

She tauntingly rolled her hips again, causing him to moan into her mouth. She didn't stop there, however, and bit his bottom lip again, drawing a gasp out of him. Makima continued to roll her hips, making him pant like a dog. It was like she was giving him the message, *say it, or your time is up*.

"Could ya—! Suck me off! Please!" He begged. His request was forced out of his mouth.

Makima broke the kiss and grinned.

"Of course, Denji."

She caressed his cheek, then sat up, continuing to straddle his legs. Makima slowly and deliberately slid her hands between his waist and the waistband of Denji's underwear, taking her time in pulling off it and his pants in one go.

After what felt like forever, when she was done, Denji's cock sprang out, dripping precum and begging to be used.

She wrapped her fingers around the base of his dick, the touch knocking all the air out of Denji's lungs. She drew close to it and licked a bead of precum off the tip. Then she licked around the base, dragging a long stripe back up to the head. Wasting no more time, Makima wrapped her lips around the head and began to suck.

Denji moaned desperately. Tears began to form in his eyes. Feeling Makima's mouth around his

cock was a feeling like no other. He was never sure he'd ever experience this feeling, let alone with Makima. He whined as he felt Makima suck at him, making sound after sound. He was Makima's instrument, and she knew how to make him play a symphony.

Makima took him in deeper, consuming his length in exchange for pleasure. She took him in so far that he could feel his tip touch the back of her throat through the pleasant haze.

She was used to this, he noted. Makima was skilled and experienced. She never made a single error, or a single amateurish blunder. She was carefully crafted perfection all the way through.

When he felt her suck again, he uncontrollably bucked into her mouth. He gasped, but Makima continued to look up at him, undisturbed. She took it in stride and sucked again, eliciting the same reaction. Makima eased him into the rhythm of sucking and thrusting. It was so unbelievably hot, seeing Makima bob over his length, that the last bit of reserved strength he had preventing him from coming disappeared.

Denji gasped into a loud moan as he came into Makima's mouth, thrusting upwards uncontrollably as wave after wave of semen burst into her mouth. She swallowed every last drop, continuing to suck and milk him dry. The sight immediately made him half hard again.

Makima finally pulled off of him and licked her lips. She seemed to know exactly what he wanted as she leaned down again and captured his lips once again. Her mouth this time tasted salty, a reward in a reward for Denji, who got to taste the fruits of his experience once again. The kiss was mostly open mouthed this time, with Makima licking into his mouth roughly.

For the first time, as Denji and Makima's eyes met, he could see something more. There was a fierce hunger in her eyes, something that wasn't there before. She craved to consume him. He was already hers from the beginning, she simply needed to take another bite of her catch.

And that's exactly what she did. She broke the kiss again only to nip at one of his ears. She moved to his neck and bit him there, then moved back to his lips and began the kiss anew. As she licked into his mouth, she grabbed her waistband and pulled down her panties and skirt together, tossing them away clearly without a second thought. Makima sat up. Looking straight at Denji, she began to talk again.

"Denji. I need you to do something for me, now. Can you do it?"

He nodded eagerly.

"Good. Now, I need you to eat me out."

She gestured for him to sit up.

"Be a good boy and roll over, alright?"

Denji, of course, complied, and rolled further onto the bed. Makima laid herself down where he was previously and rested on her back.

"Now, Denji, come back and sit over me."

And so he did, climbing over Makima and waiting with bated breath for her next instruction.

"This is your cue now, Denji. Get started."

Denji wouldn't waste a single second. He leaned down and dove right into licking her pussy. Makima didn't visibly or audibly react. He wanted to see her make some noise. His fingers danced across her inner leg and joined his tongue inside her vagina. He fingered the inside, searching for that spot women supposedly liked to be touched that he saw in porno mags.

He could feel Makima beginning to tremble, the first response he'd gotten so far. Something was changing. Denji decided to intensify his actions, licking up her pussy like a starving dog finally getting a meal. He scissored two fingers inside at the same time, claiming more territory. He pressed kisses against her inner thighs between licks, finally drawing out small gasps.

And then, his tongue found it. He licked her sweet spot, and in doing so pulled a long fought for moan from Makima's lips. It was the best sound he had ever heard. He looked up from his work and saw Makima with a face contorted by pleasure. Just like he was told to sear the memory of her bite into his mind, Denji was burning this face into his memory to never forget it.

He continued licking at that sweet spot, drawing out more moans from Makima as well as more sweet nectar for him to drink up. Denji switched hands and used his now free hand to insert a

finger into her asshole, as an experiment. His experiment quickly returned positive results, as Makima gasped into a loud moan. He added a second finger and began to pull them in and out, in and out, in a pattern. Makima groaned at the stimulation, clearly unable to suppress any more noise.

He kept this up for a little bit longer until Makima sharply cried out.

"Oh— Denji—!"

His name. She called out *his name* ! Denji couldn't believe it. He drank her up as she came by his hands and mouth. Makima whimpered out his name like a mantra as she came down from her high.

"Denji— Oh— Denji, please. I need— you— inside me— please—!" She moaned as Denji continued to lick her.

Denji knew what this meant. He was downright exhilarated from having brought Makima to such a level of desperation. It made him feel like he was the god now, or that she was his dog. His boxers were already pulled down, so he wasted no time in lining himself up with her. Makima wrapped her arms around his back and pulled him closer. She guided him inside her, making his first time a lot smoother. The feeling of her tight walls wrapping around his cock as he pushed inside was intoxicating. Denji let out a long groan as he did so, feeling Makima tremble and sigh beneath him.

"Mm... you're doing great, Denji," Makima sighed.

When he felt himself go in as far as he could, he gripped the bedsheet tightly and slowly pulled out. Makima held onto him tighter and pulled them together so their chests could touch. Denji soon figured out how to settle into a back and forth motion, pushing in and pulling out, and causing the two of them to gasp and moan in the process.

Feeling bold, he kissed Makima again, which she returned seemingly gleefully. They moaned into the kiss as Denji became quicker with his thrusts and Makima rolled her hips in return. One particularly deep thrust hit her sweet spot, and Makima cried out desperately.

"Ohhh— Denji— Again— Oh— Faster—!" She begged between moans.

Determined to please her, Denji quickened the pace to try and hit that spot as many times as he

could. They created a sensual dance that moved to the rhythm of their moans with Denji thrusting and Makima rolling her hips.

"Does it— Feel good— Miss— Makima—?" Denji asked teasingly between thrusts.

"Yes, yes, yes, Denji, yes, it's so good," she moaned.

Makima repeated his name like a mantra, begging and moaning. His pace was becoming so quick and he hit the sweet spot so consistently that he was making her see stars. It was so, so hot, seeing Makima brought down to earth like this. The goddess Denji worshipped was on her knees for him. All good things have to come to an end, however.

Denji felt himself reaching his limit, approaching his second orgasm. He could tell Makima was close too, from how she spasmed and how her rolls lost their rhythm. And soon, it was his time to come. He got in one final thrust and, with a loud groan, released the sticky fluid inside of Makima's womb. As if in response, Makima came afterwards, moaning as she came down from her second high.

They lay there, panting like junkyard dogs and still connected, for a few more minutes until Denji pulled out and rolled off Makima.

"You were so good for me, Denji. I've never come like this before."

Denji was surprised. It was obvious Makima had done something like this before, but for him to be worthy of a special compliment? It was surprising to say the least. He turned his head towards her. Makima was looking up at the ceiling with a smile on her face. It was a different kind of smile to the other ones he'd seen before. Those smiles felt emotionless and distant, but this one felt genuine. She turned to Denji and met his gaze.

"Thank you," she said.

She returned him home, once again while he was asleep. The night was still long and had just barely begun.

Denji went to sleep confused.

End Notes

and then makima decides to become good and stop killing people or something and everyone lives happily ever after

thanks for reading :D

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